So far is this firſt inclination carried, that even the helliſh yoke of ſlavery cannot ſtifle the ſavage deſire of admiration which the black heroes inherit from both their parents, for all the hardly earned ſavings of a ſlave are commonly expended in a little tawdry finery. And I have ſeldom known a good male or female ſervant that was not particularly fond of dreſs. Their clothes were their riches; and, I argue from analogy, that the fondneſs for dreſs, ſo extravagant in females, ariſes from the ſame cauſe—want of cultivation of mind. When men meet they converſe about buſineſs, politics, or literature; but, ſays Swift, 'how naturally do women apply their hands to each 'others lappets and ruffles.' And very natural is it—for they have not any buſineſs to intereſt them, have not a taſte for literature, and they find politics dry, becauſe they have not acquired a love for mankind by turning their thoughts to the grand purſuits that exalt the human race, and promote general happineſs.

Beſides, various are the paths to power and fame which by accident or choice men purſue, and though they joſtle againſt each other, for men of the ſame profeſſion are ſeldom friends,

friends, yet there is a much greater number of their fellow-creatures with whom they never claſh. But women are very differently ſituated with reſpect to each other—for they are all rivals.

Before marriage it is their buſineſs to pleaſe men; and after, with a few exceptions, they follow the ſame ſcent with all the perſevering pertinacity of inſtinct. Even virtuous women never forget their ſex in company, for they are for ever trying to make themſelves *agreeable*. A female beauty, and a male wit, appear to be equally anxious to draw the attention of the company to themſelves; and the animoſity of contemporary wits is proverbial.

Is it then ſurpriſing that when the ſole ambition of woman centres in beauty, and intereſt gives vanity additional force, perpetual rivalſhips ſhould enſue? They are all running the ſame race, and would riſe above the virtue of mortals, if they did not view each other with a ſuſpicious and even envious eye.

An immoderate fondneſs for dreſs, for pleaſure, and for ſway, are the paſſions of ſavages; the paſſions that occupy thoſe uncivilized beings who have not yet extended the domi-